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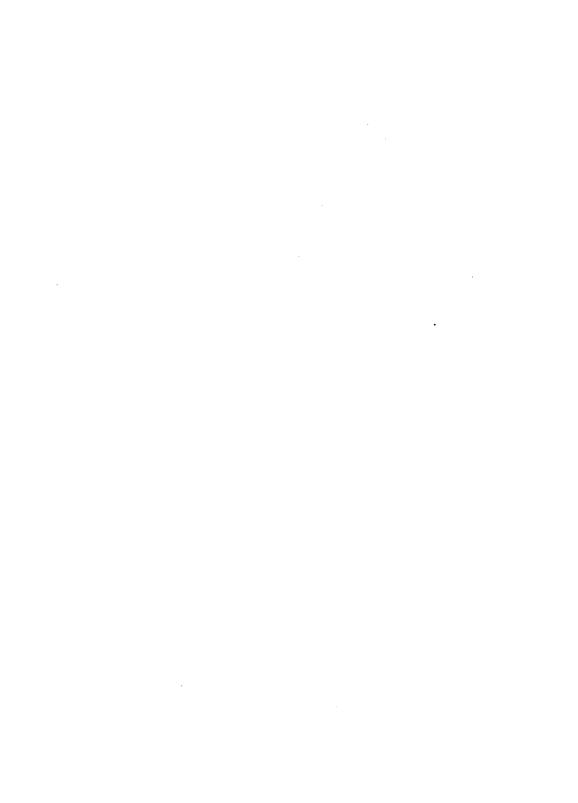
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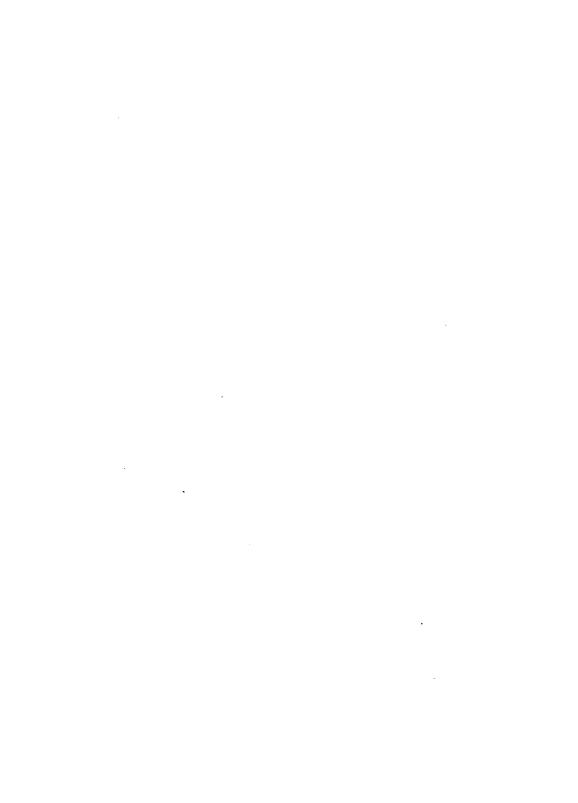
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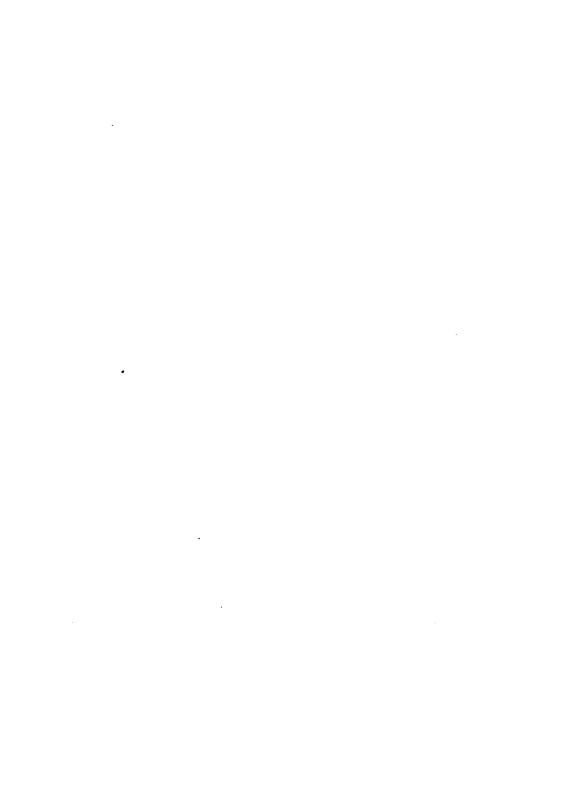












## Four Shi Christmas Carols Taken from scarce reprints of early manuscripts

Printed under the supervision of Ralph Fletcher Seymour for The Bobbs-Merrill Company Publishers Indianapolis

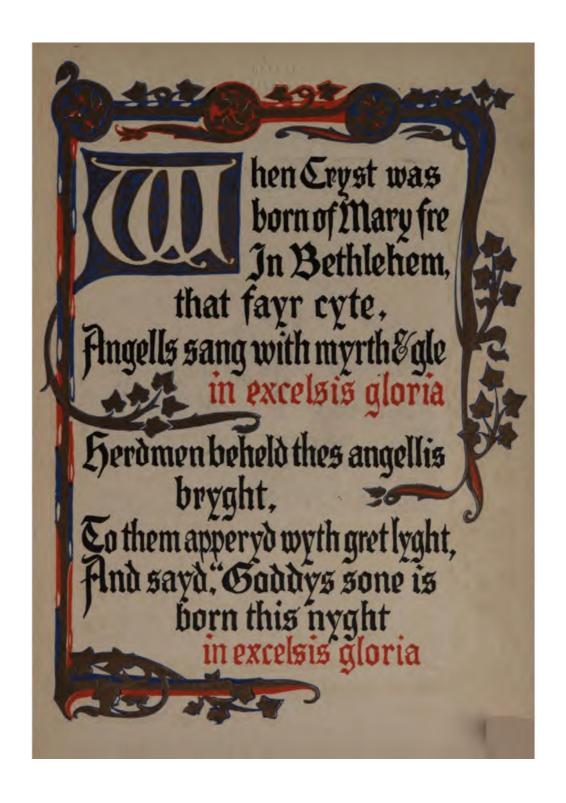
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#### In Excelsis Gloria harleian MS Early Mc.







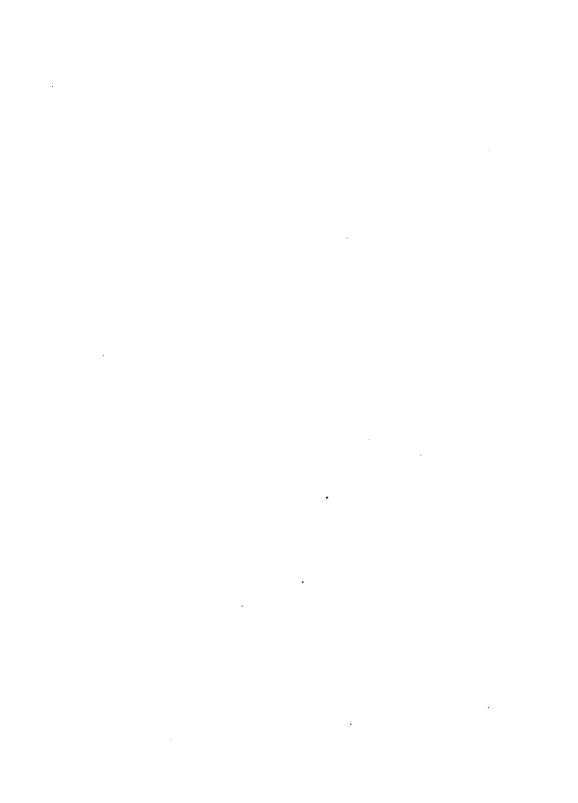
Thys keng ys comyn to save kynde As in scripturas we fynde, Cherfore this song have we in mynde,

in excelsis gloria

Then, Lord, for thy gret grace, Graunt us the blys to se thy face, Where we may sing to thy solas, in excelsis gloria

# So blessid be the tyme sloane ws





NEW year, a new year, a chyld was i-born, Us for to savyn that al was for-lorn, So blessid be the tyme; The fader of hevene his owyn sone he sent. his kyngdom for to cleymyn So blessid be the tyme; All in a clene maydyn our Lord was i-lyght Us for to savyn with all his myght, So blessid be the tyme,

All of a clene maydyn our Lord was i-born Us for to savyn that was forlorn; Soblessid be the tyme Fullay Fullay: lytil chyld, myn own dere fode, how shalt thou sufferin be naylid on the rode? So blessid be the tyme Lullay Lullay; lytil chyld, I synge for thy sake, Many one is the scharpe schour to thy body is schape. So blessid be the tyme.

Lullay, Lullay; lytil chyld, myn owyn dere smerte, How shalt thou sufferin the sharp spere to the herte? So blessid be the tyme; Lullay, Lullay, lytil chyld fayre happis the be-falle how shalt thou sufferin to drynke ezyl and galle: So blessid be the tyme Lullay, Lullay; lytil chyld, I syng al be-forn, how shalt thou sufferin the sharp garlong of thorn? Lullay, Lullay; lytil chyld,
why wepy thou so sore,
Art thou not Sod and Man in
one, what woldyst thou be more?
So blessid be the tyme.
Blyssid be the moder: the chyld
also:

Myth bene dicamus Domino: So blessid be the tyme

### The III Kynges Harleian MS Time of Henry VII





ow is Crystemas Hadyr and son togedyr in won. Holy Goste, as ye be won, in fere-a God sende us a goode new year-a Iwould you synge for and Imight Off a chylde so fayre in syght hys modyr hym bare thys yndyrs nyght so stylle-a And as yt was hys wylle-a

There camiii kynges fro Calylee Into Bethleem, that favre cyte, To sike hym that ever shulde be by ryght-a Lord and kyng and knyght-a 25 they cam forth wyth there offrynge, They met wyth herode, that moody kynge, thys tyde-a And thys to them he sayde-a "off wens be ye, you kynges iii?"

Off the Este, as ye may see, To seke hym that ever shulde be by ryght-a Lorde and kynge and knyght-a "Wen you at thys chylde have be, Cum home ageyne to me, Telle me the syghts that you have see. T pray yow, Go you no nodyr way-a" They thke her leve both olde and yonge

Off herode that moody kyng They went forth wyth ther offrynge

By the sterre that shoon so bryght-a

Where Thesu & hys modyr was, Offryd they up wyth grete solace in fere-a Solde and sence and myrre-a

The fader of hevyn an awngylle down sent

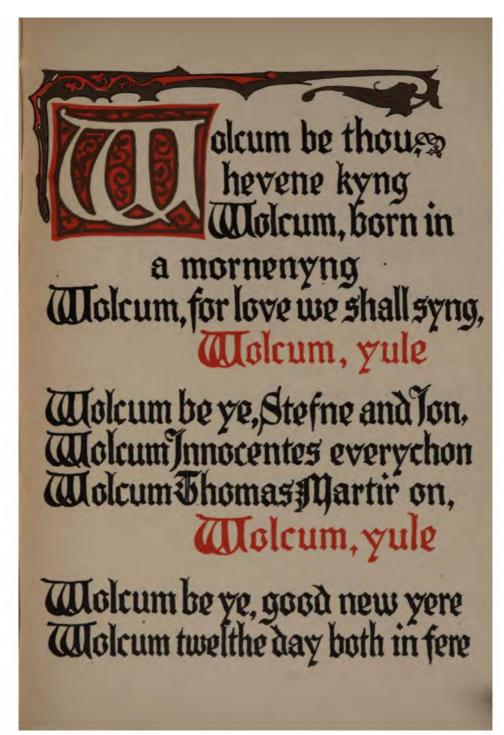
To those iii kynges that made present thys tyde-a And thys to them he sayd-a My lorde have warnyd you everychone By Herode Kynge you go not home; For and you do, he wylle you slone and strye-a And herte you wondyrly-a Forth then wente thys kynges iii Tyll they cam home to ther cuntre

Slad and blythe they were alleiii Off the syghts that they had see by dene-a The cumpany was clene-a Knele we now here a-down, Pray we in good devocioun To the kynge of grete ronown of grace-a In hevyn to have a place-a

#### Wolcum Pule Sloane MS. About time of Henry VI







Molcum, seyntes lif and dere, Wolcum yule

Molcum, be ye, Can-dylmesse Molcum be ye, qwyn of blys, Molcum to the, more and lesse, Molcum yule,

Molcum be ye that arn here, Molcum alle and wyth good chere Molcum alle an other yere, Molcum yule,















